you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your soules to vtter it.

Claudio Know you any, Hero?

Hero None my lord.

Frier Know you any, Counte?

Leonato I dare make his answer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. Howe nowe! interiections? why then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he.

Claudio Stand thee by Frier, father by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconstrained soule
Giue me this maide your daughter?

Leonata As freely sonne as God did giue her mee.

Claudio And what haue I to giue you backe whose woorth
May counterpoise this rich and pretious gift?

Prince Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

Claudio Sweete Prince, you learne me noble thankfulnes:
There Leonato, take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honor:
Behold how like a maide she blushes heere!
O what authoritie and shew of truth
Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!
Comes not that blood, as modest euidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare
All you that see her, that she were a maide,
By these exterior shewes? But she is none:
She knowes the heate of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato What do you meane, my lord?

Claudio Not to be married,
Not to knit my soule to an approoued wanton.

Leonato Deere my lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Haue vanquisht the resistance of her youth,
And made defeate of her virginitie.

Claudio I know what you would say: if I haue knowne her,
You

You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sinne: No Leonato
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sinceritie, and comelie loue.

Hero And seemde I euer otherwise to you?

Claudio Out on thee seeming, I wil write against
You seeme to me as Diane in her Orbe,
As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than Venus, or those pampred animalls,
That rage in sauage sensualitie.

Hero Is my Lord well that he doth speake so wid

Leonato Sweete prince, why speake not you?

Prince What should I speake?
I stand dishonourd that haue gone about,
To lincke my deare friend to a common stale.

Leonato Are these things spoken, or do I but dre

Bastard Sir, they are spoken, and these things are t

Bened. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the princes brother?
Is this face Heroes? are our eies our owne?

Leonato All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Claud. Let me but moue one question to your da
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.

Leonato I charge thee do so, as thou art my child,

Hero O God defend me how am I beset,
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name,

Hero Is it not Hero, who can blot that name
With any iust reproch?

Claud. Mary that can Hero,
Hero it selfe can blot out Heroes vertue.
What man was he talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?